

The Independent.

J. W. ROBERTS,

Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanics, Arts, News, and General Literature.

Editor and Proprietor.

VOLUME V, NUMBER 7.

OSKALOOSA, KANSAS OCTOBER 15, 1864.

WHOLE NUMBER. 215.

CANDIDATES.

To the voters of Jefferson County:

I hereby announce myself as an Unconditional Union Candidate for the office of County Superintendent of Schools for this County, at the ensuing election.

A. E. PARKER.

To the voters of Jefferson County:

I hereby announce myself as an Independent Union Candidate for the office of Clerk of the District Court of Jefferson County; and should you choose to honor me with the position, I will endeavor to the best of my ability to prove myself worthy of your confidence.

E. S. CONWELL.

To the voters of Third Judicial District:

Outside of the mysteries, plans, or intrigues of partisan politics, I announce myself as an Independent Candidate, at the ensuing election, for the office of Judge of the Third Judicial District Court.

S. B. WHITE.

To the Unqualified Union Voters of Jefferson County:

FELLOW CITIZENS: I hereby place my name before you as an Independent Union Candidate for State Senator, and shall thankfully receive and be grateful for your suffrage, should you bestow the same upon me; and if elected, will, to the best of my ability, faithfully serve my Country and County as your Senator.

JAMES H. JONES.

Mr. Editor: Permit, through the columns of your valuable paper, to mention that WILLIAM M. KINCAID, Esq., of Winchester, will be a candidate for the office of Clerk of the District Court at the November election. Mr. Kincaid is eminently qualified to fill the above mentioned position, and from what I can ascertain from different parts of the county, seems to be the choice of the people. He is a gentleman in every sense of the word; a good scholar, a ready penman, and attentive to business. He will give more strength to the Republican ticket this fall than any other one man in Jefferson.

Truly, PRO BONO PUBLICO.

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE,

County of Jefferson,

State of Kansas.

The Electors of the County of Jefferson, State of Kansas, are hereby notified, that the general election for the State of Kansas will be held on Tuesday, November 8, 1864, and that the following officers are at that time to be chosen:

For the State at large. Three Electors of President and Vice President of the United States. One Representative in Congress. One Governor. One Lieutenant Governor. One Secretary of State. One Auditor of State. One Treasurer of State. One Attorney General. One Superintendent of Public Instruction. One Justice of the Supreme Court.

For Jefferson County. One Senator. One Probate Judge. One Clerk of the District Court. One County Superintendent of Public Instruction. One County Attorney.

One member of the House of Representatives of the Legislature for the nineteenth Representative District, comprising the Townships of Oskaloosa and Jefferson. One member of the House of Representatives of the Legislature for the twentieth Representative District, comprising the Townships of Grasshopper Falls and Rock Creek. One member of the House of Representatives of the Legislature for the twenty-first Representative District, comprising the Townships of Oskaloosa, Kaw, Kentucky, and Sarcoxie.

Given under my hand this 29th day of September, A. D. 1864.

HORACE GIBBS,

Sheriff of Jefferson County.

General Orders No. 10.

HEADQUARTERS 1ST BRIGADE DISTRICT,

LAVERGNE, ORE., Sept. 21st, 1864.

I. Commanders of Regiments, Battalions and Detachments of this District are ordered to call out their respective commands immediately after the issuance of this order.

II. A rigid inspection of arms is required, and officers will see that every man is supplied with ammunition who has a gun.

III. Officers will hold their respective commands in readiness for active service at a moment's notice.

Per Order
M. S. GRANT, Brig. Gen.
A. HARTMAN, A. A. Gen.

Wood! Wood!!

We wish all those of our subscribers who wish to pay for their papers in wood, to bring it along very soon; and all who are not subscribers and would like to take the Independent and pay for it in wood, do likewise. We wish to get our wood for the winter all in this fall. We will pay cash for good wood for the amount we need over what subscribers furnish. Those having wood to dispose of can give us a call.

Selected Sketch.

THE BRIDAL WINE CUP.

"Pledge with wine—pledge with wine," cried the young and thoughtless Harvey Wood. "Pledge with wine," rang through the brilliant crowd.

The beautiful bride grew pale—the decisive hour had come. She pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of her bridal wreath trembled on her pale brow; her breath came quick, and her heart beat wilder.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the Judge in a low tone, going towards his daughter; "the company expect it. Do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette; in your own home act as you please, but in mine, for once, please me."

Every eye was turned toward the bridal pair. Marion's ideas were known. Henry had been a convivialist, but of late his friends noticed the change in his manners, the difference in his habits—and to-night they watched him to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinion.

Pouring a brimming beaker, they held it with tempting smiles toward Marion.

She was very pale, though more composed, and her hand shook not as smiling back, she gracefully accepted the crystal tumbler, and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of, "Oh! how terrible!"

"What is it?" cried on and all, thronging together, for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's length, and fixedly regarded it as though it were some hideous object.

"Wait!" she answered, while an inspired light shone from her dark eyes. "wait, and I will tell you. I see," she added slowly, pointing one jeweled finger at the sparkling liquid, "a sight that beggars all description! and yet listen—I will point it for you if I can. It is a lonely spot, tall mountains clothed with verdure rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow in the water's edge. There is a thick warm mist, that the sun vainly tries to pierce; trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motions of birds; but there—a group of Indians gather; they sit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows. And in their midst lies a manly form—but his cheek how deathly; his eye bright with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands beside him—nay, I should say kneels; for see, he is pillowed that poor head upon his breast.

"Genius in ruins—oh! the high, holy looking brow! why should death mark it? and he so young! Look how he throws back the damp curls! see him clasp his hands; I hear his thrilling shrieks for life! mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved! Oh! hear him call piteously his father's name—see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister—the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his distant, native land.

"See?" she exclaimed, while the bridal pair shrank back, untasted wine trembling in their faltering grasp, and the Judge fell overpowered upon his seat—"see, his arms are lifted to heaven—he prays, how wildly, for mercy? but fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping, awe-stricken, the dark men move silently away, and leave the living and the dying together."

There was a rush in the principal parlor, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lip, and tears stealing to the outward edge of her lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its tension, and the glass with its little troubled red wave, came slowly toward the range of her vision. She spoke again; every lip was mute. Her voice was low, faint, yet awfully distinct. She still fixed her sorrowful glances upon the wine cup:

"It is evening now; the great white moon is coming up, and its beams lie gently upon his forehead. He moves not; his eyes are set in their sockets, dim are their piercing glances, in vain his friends whisper the name of father and sister—death is there. Death—

and no soft hand, no gentle voice, to bless and soothe him. His head sinks back—one convulsive shudder—he is dead."

A groan ran through the assembly, so vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed also that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands and was weeping.

"Dead!" she repeated again, her lips quivering faster and faster, and her voice more broken; and there they scooped him a grave, and there without a shroud they lay him down in the damp, reeking earth. The only son of a proud father, the only idolized brother of a fond sister. And he sleeps to-day in that distant country with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my father's son—my only twin brother!—a victim to this deadly poison."

"Father!" she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks, "shall I drink it now?"

The form of the old Judge was convulsed with agony. He raised not his head, but in a smothered voice he faltered—

"No, no, my child; in God's name, no."

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor, it was dashed into a thousand pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movement; instantaneously every wine glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared.

Then as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying, "Let no friend hereafter that loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. No firmer are the everlasting hills, than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste that terrible poison. And to whom I have given my hand—who watched over my brother's dying form in the last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river in the land of gold, will I trust, too, sustain me in that resolve. Will you not my husband?"

His glancing eye, his sad, sweet smile was his answer. The Judge left the room, and when an hour after he returned, and in a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he, too, had determined to banish the enemy at once and forever from his princely home.

"Those who were present at that wedding can never forget the impression so solemnly made. Many from that hour foreswore the social glass."

Miscellaneous.

Significance of Marriage.

Life or death, felicity or a lasting sorrow (says one of the best thinkers among the long-gone worthies of the Old World), are in the powers of marriage. A woman, indeed, ventures most, for she has no sanctuary to retire from an evil husband; she must dwell upon her sorrows, and watch the eggs which her own folly or intemperance hath produced. And though the man may run from many hours of his sadness, yet he must return to it again; and when he sits among his neighbors he remembers the dejection that is in his own bosom, and he sighs deeply. The boys, and the peddlers, and the fruiterers shall tell of this man when he is carried to the grave, that he lived and died a poor wretched person. Men and women change their liberty for a rich fortune, and show themselves to be less than money, by over-valuing that to all the content and wise felicity of their lives; and when they have counted the money and their sorrows together, how willingly would they buy with the loss of all that money, modesty or sweet nature to their relative! The odd thousand pounds gladly be allowed in good nature and fair manners. As a very fool is he that chooses for beauty principally; *cui sunt crediti oculi et stulta nux* (as one said), whose eyes are witty, and their souls sensual; it is an ill band of affections to tie two hearts together by a little thread of red and white. Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offenses of each other in the beginning of their conversation; every little thing can blast an infant blossom; and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine, when first they began to curl, like the locks of a new-born boy; but when by age and consolidation, they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embrace of the sun and the kisses of

heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken; so are the early unions of an unfixed marriage; watchful and observant, jealous and busy, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word. For in firmities do not manifest themselves in the first scenes, but in succession of a life's society, and it is not change or weakness when it appears at first, but it is want of love or prudence, or it will be so expounded; and that which appears ill at first usually affrights the inexperienced man or woman who makes unequal conjectures, and fancies mighty sorrows by the proportions of the new and early unkindness.—*Home Journal.*

RED HAIR.

In ancient times, the Nations who were the most polished, the most civilized, and the most skillful in the fine arts, were passionately fond of red hair. The Gauls, the ancestors of the modern French, had the same preference, though that color is now in disrepute by their descendants, who like black. In some districts of Africa, they prefer light hair. A taste for red hair, however, still exists in extensive regions. The Turks, for example, are fond of women who have red hair, while the modern Persians have a strong aversion to it. The inhabitants of Tripoli, who probably learned it from the Turks, give their hair a red tinge by the aid of vermilion. The women of Scinde and the Deccan are also fond of dyeing their hair yellow and red, as the Romans did, in imitation of German hair. There is among Europeans, generally, a strong dislike to red hair, but in Spain red hair is admired almost to adoration, and there is a story told of one of our naval commanders, who luxuriated in fiery locks, being killed and castrated, in consequence, by the Spanish women, and looked upon as a perfect Adonis.

Red hair is often considered a deformity; but why it should be, it is hard to say, since in all cases the hair and complexion suit each other admirably. The "golden-locks" and "sunny tresses" of the poets invariably accompanied the blonde, frank and manly faces inherited from Saxon ancestors. We have heard of "villanous red hair," and "horrid red whiskers," but hair is only "villanous" and "whiskers" "horrible" when the first is dirty, and the last worn without regard to the kind of cheeks they surround.

As a consolation for red-haired people, I may state that the Chinese rather mean to compliment us when they apply the term, "Hung Mao Kwei," literally, "red-haired devil." Mr. P. P. Thomas, a very good Chinese linguist, thus explains the epithet:

"Red," he observes, "is beautiful to the Chinese. They extol the peach flower, because of its form and delicate color. All the fronts of their houses are red. They use the vermilion pencil. If red be thus beautiful, how can their designating Europeans red-haired people imply insult? With regard to the word Kwei," he continues, "there is no occasion for us to take it in its most offensive signification, that of evil, it being a general term for spirits, whether good or evil, and equivalent to our word spirits. Thus 'red-haired devil' becomes, 'beautiful spirit.'"

The Germans hold light hair in estimation, and the Roman ladies of old had a great partiality for flame colored locks.

Red hair has been almost universally given to warriors, and golden tresses to ladies.—*The Human Hair, by Rowland.*

The Jewess.

Chateaubriand was asked if he could assign a reason why the women of the Jewish race were so much handsomer than the men. The reply was truly beautiful. The Jewesses, he said, have escaped the curse which alighted upon their fathers, husbands, and sons. Not a Jewess was to be seen among the crowd of priests and rabbis that insulted the Son of God, scourged him, crowned him with thorns, and subjected him to ignominy and the agony of the cross. The women of Judea believed in the Savior, and assisted and soothed him under afflictions. A woman of Bethlehem poured on his head precious ointment, which she kept in a vase of alabaster. The sinner anointed his feet with perfumed oil, and wiped them with her hair. Christ, on his part, extended his mercy to the Jewesses. He raised from the dead the son of the widow of Nain, and Martha's brother Lazarus. He cured Simon's mother-in-law, and the woman who touched the hem of his garment. To the Samaritan woman he was a spring of living water, and a compassionate judge to the woman in adultery. The daughters of Jerusalem wept over him; the holy women accompanied him to Calvary, brought balm and spices, and weeping sought him at the sepulchre. "Woman, why weepest thou?" His first appearance after his resurrection was to Mary Magdalene. He said to her "Mary." At the sound of his voice Mary Magdalene's eyes were opened, and she answered "Master." The reflection of some very beautiful ray must have rested on the brow of the Jewess.

A Printee on a Tramp.

A Dutchman sitting at the door of his tavern out West, is approached by a tall thin Yankee, who is emigrating Westward on foot, with a bundle on a cane over his shoulder.

"Veil, Mister Valking Sick, vot you want?"

"Rest and refreshment," is the reply.

"Supper and lochin, I suppose."

"Yes, supper and lodging."

"Pe you a Yankee peddler, mit chelwery in your pack, to cheat te girls?"

"No sir, I am no Yankee peddler."

"A singin' master, too lazy to work?"

"A shentel shoemaker, vot loves to measure te girls' fous ut angles pet ter tes; to make te shoes?"

"No sir, or I should certainly have mended my own shoes."

"A book agent, vot bodder te school committees till dey do vot you vish, shoost to get rid of you?"

"Guess again, sir. I am no book agent."

"Te tuyvel! A dentist, preakin' te people's chaws at a dollar a schrag?"

"No, sir, I am no tooth puller."

"Prelochiest, ten, feelin' to young folks head like so many cabbag?"

"No, nor a phenologist."

"Veil, ten vot te tuyvel can you pe?"

"Shoot tell, unt you shall have te pest sassage for supper, unt atlay all night, free gratis, mit out payin' von cent, unt a chull of viscky to shart mit in te mornin'."

"I am an humble disciple of Faust—a professor of the art preservative of all arts—a typographer, at your service."

"Vot's dat?"

"A printer, sir, a man that prints books and newspapers."

"A man vot prints books unt newspapers?"

"Ob! yaw, yaw, dat ish it—mon vot prints newspapers! Yaw, yaw! I vish I may pe shot it a dis-trict school-master, vot vorks for nothing and ponds around novare."

"I taught you vos him. Valk in, walk in, Mr. Brimmerman."

"A Ugly Ose."—In the eastern part of Delaware county, New York, there resides a man named B—, now a Justice of the Peace, and a very sensible man, but by common consent, the ugliest looking individual in the whole country; long, gaunt and awry, with a gait like a kangaroo.

One day he was out hunting, and on one of the mountain roads he met a man who was longer, gaunter and uglier by all odds, than himself. He could give the squint "B" and beat him. Without saying a word, B— raised his gun and deliberately leveled it at the stranger.

"For God's sake, don't shoot!" shouted the man in great alarm.

"Stranger," replied B—, "I swore ten years ago, that if I ever met a man uglier than I was, I'd shoot him; and you are the first one I've seen."

The stranger, after taking a careful survey of his rival, replied:

"Wal, explain, if I look any worse than you do, shoot! I don't want to live any longer!"

PARENT AND CHILD.—Considering the relation of the parent and child, and the means of influence which the former possesses, it is scarcely too much to say that the sin of the child, which might have been avoided by faithful parental instruction and discipline, becomes the sin of the parent. While the child can be a partaker of the parent's sin only in its consequences, the parent may be a partaker of the sin of the child in its responsibility and its guilt. We are as much responsible for the evil which flows from our neglect, as for that which proceeds from our volition. We may make another our proxy in sin, not only engaging him in a wrong act, but also by refraining from enlightening and influencing him against it. So we sin in the sins of our unstructed children and make all the dark facts of their lives our own.—*Examiner.*

PHYSICAL SCIENCE.—The mechanical powers may be reduced to six; but they are usually expressed in six—the lever, the wheel and axle, the inclined plane, the screw, and the wedge. In a moveable pulley the power gained is double. In a combination the power gained is twice the number of pulleys, levers, etc. In levers the power is reciprocally, as the lengths on each side the fulcrum or center of motion. The power gained in the wheel and axle is as the radius of the wheel to that of the axle. The power gained by the inclined plane is as the length to the height. The power of the wedge is generally as the length to the thickness at the back. The power of the screw is as the circumference to the distance of the thread, or as 6.2832 to that distance.

"Study," says Carlyle, "to do whatsoever things in your actual situation you find expressly or tacitly laid down to your charge—that is your post; stand to it like a soldier. Silently deliver the many chagrins of it—all situations have many—and see you sin not to quit it, without doing all that is your duty."

ANECDOTE—"Boy, your corn, which you are having there, appears to be quite small?"

"Yes, sir, we planted little corn."

"But it looks yellow."

"Yes, sir, D-d had to go all the way down to Uncle Ned's to get yaller corn to plant."

"I shouldn't think you would have more than half a crop."

"No, sir, we don't expect but half a crop—we plant on shares."

A PICK-POCKET'S REASON.—The Baron de B— relates that, having secured a pick-pocket in the very act of irregular abstraction, he took the liberty of inquiring whether there was any thing in his hand that had procured him the honor of his being singled out for such an attempt.

"Why, Sir," said the fellow, "your face is well enough, but you had on thin shoes and white stockings in dirty weather, and so I made sure you were a flat."

RESULTS OF BLUNDERS.—The upsetting of a gig was the occasion of Washington's being born in the United States, and the subsequent establishment of our national independence; an error of the miner in sinking a well led to the discovery of Herculaneum, with all its magnificent treasures of ancient art; and a blunder in nautical adventures resulted in the discovery of the island of Madeira.

A traveller found a buffalo robe belonging to a hotel-keeper, who, on receiving it, thanked the finder, remarking that a "Thank you" was worth twenty-five cents, and "Thank you kindly" was worth thirty-seven and a-half cents. Soon after, the traveller called for a dinner, ate it, and asked the landlord what was to pay. "Twenty-five cents," was the reply. "I thank you kindly," said the traveller, and moved off. "Here, my good fellow, stop and take the change," remarked the landlord, throwing down a napkin; "your dinner was only 25 cents."

A sporting "gent," who has courageously entered the "lists" at several betting houses, has lately purchased an elaborate work on "Eugenology," in consequence of his having heard that it will give him much information on the subject of "races."

"Bridget, who broke those barrels that were in the wood-shed?" asked a gentleman of his servant.

"Missus told Jim to break them up, and—save her the hoops!"

A good story is told of a member of the 34th Indiana. His Colonel, observing him one morning wandering his way to camp with a fine Rebel rooster in his arms, halted him to know if he had been stealing chickens. "No, Colonel," was the reply, "I just saw this old fellow sitting on a fence, and I ordered him to crow for the Union, and he wouldn't do it, so I collected him for a Rebel."

God's love stands unrivaled and unparalleled in the annals of the world. It smiles on all the good, it sympathizes with all the afflicted, it soothes the sorrows of earth, it suffers sons and daughters. It is boundless and free, and embraces all classes and conditions of mankind. It is as high as heaven, deep as hell, broad as the universe, and lasting as eternity.

Sir William Temple said: "The greatest pleasure is love; the greatest ease is sleep; the greatest medicine is a true friend."

The wind is unseen, but it cools the brow of the fevered one—sweetens the summer atmosphere—and ripples the surface of the lake into silver spangles of beauty. So goodness of heart, tho' invisible to the material eye, makes its presence felt, and from its effect upon surrounding things we are sure of its existence.

Nothing is so fragile as the thought in its infancy—an interruption here—a nothing is so powerful, even to the overturning of mighty empires, when it reaches maturity.

A laughable story is told of an old miser, who being at the point of death, resolved to give all his money to a nephew, whose hands he experienced some little kindness. "Sam," said he, for that was his nephew's name, "I'm about to leave the world and leave you all my money. You will then have \$50,000—only think? Yes, I feel weaker and weaker. I think I shall die in two hours. Oh! Sam I'm going, give me two per cent and you may take the money now!"

"Rap! rap! rap!" "Come in," said the country woman. A rather rough-looking man appeared and crossed the door-sill. "Is Mr. Smith at home?" said he. "No Sir; he'll be in in a short time though. 'Take a chair,' said Mrs. Smith. He selected the best chair in the house, shouldered it, and went off at a rapid rate.

The drunkard consumes as much gain in the form of alcohol in one day, as would supply him with bread for three.

The loveliest faces are to be seen by the moon light, when one sees half with the imagination.

Farm and Household.

Make your Horses Perform your Labor.

Horses were made to labor. They are good for nothing else only to help us work; and if we do not lay out the work for them, they are nothing but a bill of expense. The Creator knew well that we needed some strong and obedient animals to carry our burdens, and carry us; therefore, He gave us the horse, in whom are combined more desirable qualities for a team, than can be found in any other animal. Let us endeavor to honor our calling, by bringing our horses more effectively into our daily labors. I will illustrate my meaning.

H-B-E RAKES.

A farmer in this vicinity, a few years ago had seven or eight acres of heavy grass unraided, but well cured, and nearly ready for the barn. He had never used a horse rake on his farm, and "would not have one." As he and two of his sons were just beginning to rake, with their hand rakes, a stranger came along with horse rakes, and offered one for sale. "No," was the prompt reply.

"May I go into your meadow, with one of my rakes, and let you see how it works?" "Certainly," was the reply.

"But I am not going to purchase one." After the stranger had raked about an acre, he received immediately the price of his rake—five dollars—and before night that hay was all put up; and they acknowledged that that rake saved them, in that single job, more than twenty dollars.

HORSE POWERS, ETC.

The same man was accustomed to brush all his grain with flails, which kept him pounding, pounding, all winter, and then, they acknowledged that they could not get all the grain out, for it thrashed so very tough. They had several good horses, which would stand and beat them thrash, all winter. As the horses had nothing to do, they did not receive a good supply of food; and before spring they would be spring poor. A neighbor of his, who has a two-story railway power, (there it not for being accused of egotism, I would mention his name,) and who prides himself on everything—even to raising buildings—with horses, induced him to try a two-horse railway power and thrashing machine. The result was, they now thresh their grain, get out their clover seed, and have comparatively easy times; and perform enough for their neighbors, to make them half pay for their machine, and their horses are in good condition in the spring; and the men have more than twice the amount of leisure that they had when they were accustomed to do all the work, and let their horses look on.

My experience is, if a farmer is in debt, it is the worst policy sometimes, to purchase machinery—even at a time when his horses may assist in performing hand labor; and they may do it—S. Edwards, Todd, & Co., Ridge, Tomkins Co., N. Y.

[This is excellent, and we hope our readers will profit by its suggestions.—Ed O. Farmer.]

RINGBONE.—S. Farrier, of Cherry Valley, asks if there is any cure for ringbone on horses. Ringbone is incurable; that is, the osseous deposit cannot be removed. The lameness can generally be cured so that the animal will be able to perform light work, but not so as to draw heavy loads. No one often does this when he has a horse with the constant meddling most persons who have a sick or lame horse allow, generally makes the disease worse. It would be much better for all domestic animals, if people understood that nature, and not medicine, cures disease. Medicine, no matter how appropriate, can only be aida. There are almost as many remedies for every disease as there are persons. Your horse has ringbone. A friend comes along to-day, and says: "If you will bind on a live frog, and allow it to remain a day or two, changing occasionally, the horse will be cured." (So have known this remedy prescribed and tried.) To-morrow you are recommended to blister, strike with a sharp knife into the part, apply caustic, or caustic, or liniment, or quick medicine, and yet your horse is no cured. Why? You interfere too much. Keep your horse quiet; keep the parts cool by means of a heavy bandage, wet frequently with cold water. Rub freely with the hand, and occasionally apply an ointment, made of six parts of lard, and one part of tallow of lard. Do not expect a cure is a week, or a permanent one ever.

TO MAKE CORN BREAD.—Shut one quart of meal and let it stand till cool; then add one teaspoonful of sugar, (or if it is less, according to taste,) and mix in flour as long as it can be stirred, but not make it stiff enough to knead; then add half a teaspoonful of yeast, and let the whole stand over night to rise; in the morning make into loaves, and bake a little longer than the same sized loaves of wheat bread.

The tongue makes deeper wounds than the tooth.